

HYMNS FOR  
INFANT  
MINDS

Manly

Manly

# HYMNS

## FOR INFANT MINDS.

1

*A child's hymn of praise.*

Thank the goodness and the grace,  
Which on my birth have smil'd,  
Made me in these latter days,  
Happy Christian child.

Not born, as thousands are,  
Whom God was never known;  
Wrought to pray a useless prayer,  
Of wood and stone.

Not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun,  
Whom I were but in the grave,  
All my labour done!

Not born without a home,  
Some broken shed;  
A baby, taught to roam,  
To eat my daily bread.

I thank thee, who hast  
Wrought for me, [plann'd  
Made me in this happy land,  
Where I hear of thee.

2

*Coming to Jesus.*

Not a condescending king,  
To hear when children sing,  
Our feeble voices rise,  
Our humble prayer despise.

Us, Lord, from every sin,  
Which can see and feel within;  
We neither feel nor see,  
For all is known to thee.

We own there's nothing good in us,  
To tempt thee to befriend us thus;  
For sin and folly waste our days,  
Our prayers are weak, and poor our  
praise;

Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,  
Because thou camest down to die;  
And all the plea we dare to make,  
Is "pardon for thy mercy's sake."

3

*About God who made the sun and  
Moon.*

CHILD.

I saw the glorious sun arise  
From yonder mountain grey;  
And as he travelled through the skies,  
The darkness fled away;  
And all around me was so bright,  
I wish'd it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,  
The gentle moon drew nigh,  
Upon stars came twinkling, one by one,  
Who made the darkness —  
The moon, and every twinkling star,

MAMMA.

'Twas God, my child, who made them  
By his almighty hand; [all,  
He holds them that they do not fall,  
And bids them move or stand;  
That glorious God who lives afar,  
In heaven beyond the highest star.

Library, Univ. of  
North Carolina

## CHILD.

How very great that God must be,  
Who rolls them through the air!  
Too high, Mamma, to notice me,  
Or listen to my prayer!  
I fear he will not condescend  
To be a little infant's friend.

## MAMMA.

O yes, my love; for though he made  
Those wonders in the sky,  
You never need to be afraid  
He should neglect your cry;  
For, humble as a child may be,  
A praying child he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,  
That useless little thing;  
Behold the insects over-head,  
That gambol in the spring;  
His goodness bids the daisy rise,  
And every insect's wants supplies;  
And will he not descend to make  
A feeble child his care?  
Yes! Jesus died for children's sake,  
And loves the youngest prayer.  
God made the stars and daisies too,  
And watches over them and you.

## 4

*For a child who has been very  
naughty.*

LORD, I confess before thy face  
How naughty I have been;  
Look down from heaven, thy dwel-  
And pardon this my place,  
For, Lord, I pray,  
Forgive my sin and my pride;  
Mistaken words I dar'd to say,  
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest  
In quiet, on my bed,  
Until, with shame, I have confess'd  
The naughty things I said.

The Saviour answer'd not age  
Nor spoke an angry word,  
To all the scoffs of wicked men  
Although he was their Lord  
And who am I, a sinful child  
Such angry words to say  
Make me as mild as he was  
And take my pride away

For Jesus' sake forgive  
And change this stubborn  
And grant me grace, and  
To act a better part.

## 5

*"Our Father who art in heaven,  
GREAT GOD, and wilt thou  
descend*

To be my father, and my friend,  
I, a poor child, and thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and

Art thou my father? Canst thou  
To hear my poor imperfect prayer,  
Or stoop to listen to the prayer  
That such a little one can make

Art thou my father? Let me  
A meek, obedient child to thee  
And try, in word, and deed,  
thought,

To serve and please thee as I can

Art thou my father? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a Father  
And truly wish to do, and  
Whatever seemeth good

Art thou my father? Then  
When all my days on earth are  
Send down, and take me home  
To be thy better child at last

## 6

*"Early will I seek thy face,  
Now that my journey is begun"*

My road so little trod,  
I'll come before I further run,  
And give myself to God.

And, lest I should be ever led  
Through sinful paths to stray,  
I would at once begin to tread  
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,  
I never can foretell;  
But if the Lord will be my friend,  
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,  
And leave me mourning here;  
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,  
O what have I to fear?

If I am poor, he can supply  
Who has my table spread;  
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
And fills his poor with bread.

I am rich, he'll guard my heart,  
Temptation to withstand;  
And make me willing to impart  
The bounties of his hand.

Be, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
For me may be in store,  
Make me submissive to thy will,  
And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,  
Whatever be my lot;  
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,  
O Lord, forsake me not.

When still, as seasons hasten by,  
Grief for heaven preparteth when I die,  
Be ever there.

7

*Encouragement for little children.*

It is so good, that he will hear  
Whenever children humbly pray;  
Who always lends a gracious ear  
What the youngest child can say.

His own most holy Book declares  
He loves good little children still;  
And that he listens to their prayers,  
Just as a tender father will.

He loves to hear an infant tongue  
Tell him for all his mercies given;  
And when by babes his praise is sung,  
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

Come, then, dear children, trust his  
word, [guide;  
And seek him for your friend and  
Your little voices will be heard,  
And you shall never be deny'd.

3

### *The Bible.*

This is a precious book, indeed!  
Happy the child that loves to read!  
'Tis God's own word, which he has  
given  
To show our souls the way to heaven!

It tells us how the world was made;  
And how good men the Lord obey'd;  
There his commands are written too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die;  
It points to heaven, where angels  
dwell;  
And to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,  
The Bible tells us Jesus died!—  
This is its best, its chief intent,  
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may  
Read this good Bible every day;  
'Tis God's own word, which he has  
given  
To show your souls the way to heav'n.

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## 9

*Against wandering thoughts.*

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
As I am taught to do,  
GOD does not care for what ~~his~~ <sup>we</sup> feel  
Unless I feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;  
And when I pray or sing,  
I'm often thinking, all the while,  
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,  
Can send my thoughts abroad;  
Though this should be my greatest  
To love and seek the Lord. [joy,

Oh! let me never, never dare  
To act the trifler's part;  
Or think that God will hear a prayer  
That comes not from my heart!

But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do, [voice,  
Then, while I seek him with my  
My heart will love him too.

## 10

*"A contrite heart, O God, thou  
wilt not despise."*

THOUGH GOD preserves me ev'ry  
And feeds me day by day, [hour,  
I know it is not in my power  
His goodness to repay.

The poorest child, the greatest king,  
Alike must humbly own,  
No worthy present they can bring  
To offer at his throne;

For we, and all our treasures too,  
Are his who reigns above;  
Then is there nothing I can do,  
To prove my grateful love?

A broken heart he'll not despise,  
For 'tis his chief delight;  
This is a humble sacrifice,  
Well pleasing in his sight.

Though treasures brought before the  
Would no acceptance find, [throne  
He kindly condescends to own  
A meek and lowly mind.

This is an off'ring we may bring,  
However mean our store;  
The poorest child, the greatest king,  
Can give him nothing more.

## 11

*The way to find out Pride.*

PRIDE, ugly pride, sometimes is  
seen

By haughty looks, and lofty mein;  
But oft'ner it is found, that pride  
Loves deep within the heart to hide  
And, while the looks are mild and  
fair,

It sits and does its mischief there.

Now, if you really wish to find  
If pride is lurking in your mind,  
Inquire if you can bear a slight,  
Or patiently give up your right.  
Can you submissively content  
To take reproof and punishment  
And feel no angry temper start,  
In any corner of your heart?  
Can you with frankness own a crime,  
And promise for another time?  
Or say you've been in a mistake,  
Nor try some poor excuse to make,  
But freely own that it was wrong  
To argue for your side so long;  
When you find a contradiction can you bear,  
Nor flatly contradict and kneel  
But wait, or modestly explain,  
And tell your reasons, one by one,  
Nor think of triumph, when you've  
done?

Can you in business, or in play,  
Give up your wishes, or your way?  
Or do a thing against your will,  
For somebody that's younger still  
And never try to overbear,  
Or say a word that is not fair?

Does laughing at you, in a joke,  
 No anger, nor revenge, provoke;  
 But can you laugh yourself, and be  
 As merry as the company?  
 Or when you find that you could do  
 To them, as they have done to you,  
 Can you keep down the wicked tho't,  
 And do exactly as you ought?  
 Put all these questions to your heart,  
 And make it act an honest part;  
 And, when they've each been fairly  
 tried,  
 I think you'll own that you have  
 pride;  
 Some one will suit you, as you go,  
 And force your heart to tell you so;  
 But if they all should be denied,  
 Then you're too proud to own your  
 pride!

## 12

*The way to cure pride.*

Now I suppose, that having tried,  
 And found the secret of your pride,  
 You wish to drive it from your heart,  
 And learn to act an humble part.

Well, are you sorry and sincere?  
 I'll try to help you then, my dear.

And first, the best and surest way,  
 Is to kneel down at once, and pray;  
 The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,  
 And strengthen you, and stand your  
 friend.

Tell him the mischief that you find  
 Forever working in your mind;  
 And beg his pardon for the past,  
 And strength to overcome at last.  
 But, then, you must not go your way,  
 And think it quite enough to pray;  
 That is but doing half your task;  
 For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.  
 You pray for strength, and that is  
 right;

But, then, it must be strength to fight;  
 For where's the use of being strong,  
 Unless you conquer what is wrong?  
 Then look within;—ask every tho't,

1\*

If it be humble as it ought.  
 Put out the smallest spark of pride  
 The very moment 'tis descried;  
 And do not stay to think it o'er,  
 For while you wait, it blazes more.  
 If it should take you by surprise,  
 And beg you just to let it rise,  
 And promise not to keep you long,  
 Say, "No; the *smallest* pride is  
 wrong."

And when there's something so amiss,  
 That pride says, "Take offence at  
*this*."

Then, if you feel at all inclin'd  
 To brood upon it in your mind,  
 And think revengeful thoughts within,  
 And wish it were not wrong to sin,  
 O stop at once!—for if you dare  
 To wish for sin,—that sin is there!  
 'Twill then be best to go and pray  
 That God would take your pride  
 away;

Or if just then you cannot go,  
 Pray in your thoughts, and God will  
 know;

And beg his mercy to impart  
 That best of gifts—an humble heart.

Remember, too, that you must pray,  
 And watch, and labour, *every* day;  
 Nor think it wearisome or hard  
 To be *forever* on your guard;  
 No; every morning must begin  
 With resolutions not to sin;  
 And every evening recollect  
 How much you've fail'd in this re-  
 spect.

Ask, whether such a guilty heart  
 Should act a proud, or humble part;  
 Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,  
 Inquire if pride becomes a child;  
 And, when all other means are tried,  
 Be humble, that you've so much  
 pride.

## 13

*A Morning Hymn.*

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,

15

For quiet and peaceable rest ;  
 I thank thee for stooping to keep  
 An infant from being distressed ;  
 O how can a poor little creature re-  
   pay  
 Thy fatherly kindness by night and  
   by day !

My voice would be lisping thy praise,  
 My heart would repay thee with  
   love ;—

O teach me to walk in thy ways,  
 And fit me to see thee above ;  
 For Jesus said, " Let little children  
   come nigh ;"

And he'll not despise such an infant  
   as I.

As long as thou seest it right,  
 That here upon earth I should stay,  
 I pray thee to guard me by night,  
 And help me to serve thee by day ;  
 That when all the days of my life  
   shall have pass'd,  
 I may worship thee better, in heaven,  
   at last.

14

*An Evening Hymn.*

LORD, I have pass'd another day,  
 And come to thank thee for thy care ;  
 Forgive my faults in work and play,  
 And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,  
 And friends, who all my wants sup-  
 And safely now I rest my head, [ply ;  
 Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive  
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;  
 And help me, every day I live,  
 To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I sleep, be pleas'd to take  
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;  
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,  
 To listen to my evening prayer.

*For a child that feels it has a wicked heart.*

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,  
 Who feels with guilt oppress ?  
 There's evil, that I never knew  
 Before, within my breast.

My thoughts are vain ; my heart is  
 My temper apt to rise ; [hard ;  
 And, when I seem upon my guard,  
 It takes me by surprise.

Whene'er to thy commands I turn,  
 I find I've broken them ;  
 And in thy holy Scriptures learn,  
 That God will sin condemn.

And yet, if I begin to pray,  
 And lift my feeble cry,  
 Some thought of folly, or of play,  
 Prevents me when I try.

On many Sabbaths, tho' I've heard  
 Of Jesus and of heaven,  
 I've scarcely listen'd to thy word,  
 Or pray'd to be forgiven !

O look with pity in thine eye  
 Upon a heart so hard !  
 Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,  
 Or show it no regard.

The work I cannot undertake  
 I leave to thee alone ;  
 And pray thee, for thy mercy's sake,  
 To change this heart of stone.

16

*Against anger and impatience.*

WHEN for some little insult given,  
 My angry passions rise,  
 I'll think how Jesus came from heav-  
 And bore his injuries. [en,

He was insulted every day,  
 Though all his words were kind ;  
 But nothing men could do or say  
 Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard  
Against the truths he taught,  
Excited one reviling word,  
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,  
With all his foes in view ;  
"Father, forgive their sins," he said,  
"They know not what they do."

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee  
My temper to amend ;  
But speak that pardoning word for  
Whenever I offend. [me,

## 17

"Turn off mine eyes from beholding  
vanity."

Lord, hear a sinful child complain,  
Whose little heart is very vain—  
And folly dwells within ;  
What is it—for thine eye can see—  
That is so very dear to me ;  
That steals my thoughts away from  
And leads me into sin? [thee,

Whatever gives me most delight,  
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,  
I would no more pursue ;—  
Since nothing can be good for me,  
However pleasant it may be,  
That is displeasing, Lord, to thee,  
May I dislike it too.

When I attempt to read or pray,  
Some folly leads my heart astray,  
And sends my thoughts abroad ;—  
How happy are the saints in bliss,  
Who love no sinful world like this,  
But all their joy and glory is,  
To serve and praise the Lord !

These trifling pleasures here below—  
I wonder why I love them so ;  
They cannot make me blest ;  
O that to love my God might be  
The greatest happiness to me !  
And may he give me grace to see  
That this is not my rest.

## 18

*For a very little child.*

O THAT it were my chief delight  
To do the things I ought !—  
Then let me try with all my might  
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go,  
I'll cheerfully obey ;  
Nor will I mind it much, although  
I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring  
Whatever I have got ;  
And never touch a pretty thing,  
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell  
About my little toys ;  
But if she's busy, or unwell,  
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,  
And work, and read, and spell,  
I will not think about my play,  
But try and do it well ;

For God looks down from heav'n on  
Our actions to behold : [high,  
And he is pleas'd when children try  
To do as they are told.

## 19

*On attending public worship.*

WHEN to the house of God we go,  
To hear his word and sing his love,  
We ought to worship him below,  
Like all the saints in heaven above.

They stand before his presence now,  
And praise him better far than we,  
Who only at his footstool bow,  
And love him, though we cannot see.

But God is present every where,  
And watches all our tho'ts & ways ;  
He sees who humbly join in prayer,  
And who sincerely sings his praise.

And he the triflers, too, can see,  
Who only *seem* to take a part ;  
They move the lip, & bend the knee,  
But do not seek him with the heart.

O may we never trifle so, [en!  
Nor lose the days our God has giv-  
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,  
To spend eternity in heaven.

## 20

*A child's humble confession and  
prayer.*

A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand ;  
In thought, and word, and deed !  
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,  
For such to intercede.

From early infancy, I know,  
A rebel I have been,  
And daily as I older grow,  
I fear I grow in sin ;—

But God can change this evil heart,  
And give a holy mind,  
And his own heavenly grace impart,  
Which those who seek shall find.

To heav'n can reach the softest word—  
A child's repenting prayer—  
For tears are seen, & sighs are heard,  
And thoughts regarded, there.

Then let me all my sins confess,  
And pardoning grace implore ;  
That I may love my follies less,  
And love my Saviour more.

## 21

*About dying.*

CHILD.

TELL me, Mamma, if I must die,  
One day, as little baby died ;  
And look so very pale, and lie  
Down in the pit-hole, by its side ?  
Shall I leave dear Papa and you,

And never see you any more ;  
Tell me, Mamma, if this is true ?  
I did not know it was before.

MAMMA.

'Tis true, my love, that you must die ;  
The God, who made you, says you  
And every one of us shall lie, [must ;  
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

These hands and feet, and busy head,  
Shall waste and crumble quite away ;  
But though your body shall be dead,  
There is a part which can't decay ;

That which now thinks within your  
heart,  
And made you ask if you must die ;  
That is your soul—the better part—  
Which God has made to live on high.

Those, who have lov'd him here be-  
low,  
And pray'd to have their sins for-  
given,  
And done his holy will, shall go,  
Like happy angels, up to heaven.

So, while their bodies moulder here,  
Their souls with God himself shall  
dwell ;  
But always recollect, my dear,  
That wicked people go to hell.

There the good God shall never smile,  
Nor give them one reviving look ;  
For since they chose to be so vile,  
He leaves them to the way they  
took.

## 22

*"Thou God seest me."*

AMONG the deepest shades of night,  
Can there be one who sees my ways ?  
Yes ;—God is like a shining light,  
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,  
May I not sin without control ?

No; for a constant watch he keeps,  
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,  
Where human feet had never trod,  
Yet there I could not be alone;  
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven;—he frowns to  
hell;

He fills the air, the earth, the sea;—  
I *must* within his presence dwell;  
I *cannot* from his anger flee.—

Yet I may flee—he shows me where;  
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;  
And while he sees me weeping there,  
There's only mercy in his eye.

## 23

*To a little sister, on her birth day.*

My love, I meet this happy day  
With pleasure, and with pain;  
I wish to learn your future way,  
But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end,  
You have but just begun;  
And hand in hand with many a friend  
This little way have run;

But friends, my love, how vain are  
For one infected breath [they!  
May snatch the tenderest away,  
And seal them up in death.

Then whither should my darling fly?  
In whom may she confide?—  
There is a friend above the sky,  
Who waits to be her guide.

His eye the path of life can see,  
And has as clear a view  
Of hills and vallies yet to be,  
As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,  
Where each of us shall fall;  
And whose shall be the earliest lot,  
And whose the last of all.

Dear cherish'd child! if *you* should  
To travel far alone, [have  
And weep by turns at many a grave,  
Before you reach your own,

May he, who bade you weep, be nigh  
To wipe away your tears,  
And point you to a world on high,  
Beyond these mournful years!

Yet, if it be his holy will,  
I pray that hand in hand,  
We *all* may travel many a hill  
Of this the pilgrim's land;

With Zion's shining gate in view,  
Through every danger rise;  
And form a family anew,  
Unbroken, in the skies.

## 24

*Sin makes God angry.*

How kind, in all his works and ways,  
Must our Creator be!  
I learn a lesson of his praise  
From every thing I see.

Ten thousand creatures by his hand  
Were brought to life at first;  
His skill their different natures  
plann'd,

And made them from the dust;  
He condescends to do them good,  
And pities when they cry;  
For all their wants are understood  
By his attentive eye.

And can so kind a Father frown?  
Will he who stoops to care  
For little sparrows falling down,  
Despise an infant's prayer?

No; he regards the feeblest cry;  
'Tis only when we sin,  
He puts the smile of mercy by,  
And lets his frown begin.

'Tis sin that grieves his holy mind,  
And makes his anger rise;

And sinners, old or young, shall find "Since it was for such as I  
No favour in his eyes ; "Thou didst condescend to die."

But when the broken spirit burns,  
And would from sin depart,  
The God of mercy never spurns  
That broken, humble heart.

26

"Jesus said, Suffer little children to  
come unto me."

25

"Jesus Christ came into the world to  
save sinners."

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night!  
Darkness covers all the day!  
Rocks are rending at the sight!—  
Children, can you tell me why?  
What can all these wonders be?  
—Jesus dies at Calvary!

Stretch'd upon the cross, behold  
How his tender limbs are torn!  
For a royal crown of gold,  
They have made him one of thorn!  
Cruel hands, that dare to bind  
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

See! the blood is falling fast  
From his forehead and his side!  
Listen! he has breath'd his last!  
With a mighty groan he died!—  
Children, can you tell me why  
Jesus condescends to die?

He, who was a king above,  
Left his kingdom for a grave,  
Out of pity and of love,  
That the guilty he might save!  
Down to this sad world he flew,  
For such little ones as you!

You were wretched, weak, and vile;  
You deserv'd his holy frown;  
But he saw you with a smile,  
And, to save you, hasten'd down.—  
Listen, children;—this is why  
Jesus condescends to die.

Come then, children, come and see;  
Lift your little hands to pray;  
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,  
"Help a guilty infant," say;

As infants once to Christ were bro't,  
That he might bless them there,  
So now we little children ought  
To seek the same by prayer.

For when their feeble hands were  
And bent each infant knee, [spread,  
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,  
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,  
But on his heavenly hill,  
To him may little children go,  
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,  
The Saviour kindly smil'd;  
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,  
Because I am a child;

For as so many years ago  
Poor babes his pity drew,  
I'm sure he will not let me go  
Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favour to implore,  
My little hands are spread,  
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,  
Dear Jesus, on my head.

27

*Love and duty to parents.*

My Father, my Mother, I know  
I cannot your kindness repay;  
But I hope, that, as older I grow,  
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You lov'd me before I could tell  
Who it was that so tenderly smil'd—  
But now that I know it so well,  
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should  
Be naughty, and give you a pain;  
I hope I shall learn to be good,  
And so never grieve you again.

But, for fear that I ever should dare  
From all your commands to depart,  
Whenever I'm saying my prayer,  
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

## 28

*The day of life.*

The morning hours of cheerful light,  
Of all the day are best;  
But as they speed their hasty flight,  
If every hour is spent aright,  
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,  
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,  
It seems so quickly past;  
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,  
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,  
We meet old age without dismay,  
And death is sweet at last.

## 29

*The little Pilgrim.*

THERE is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray;  
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of  
And dangers must be past; [sin!  
But those who boldly walk therein  
Will come to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
This dangerous path to tread!  
For on the way is many a snare  
For youthful travellers spread;

While the broad road, where thou-  
Lies near, and opens fair, [sands go,  
And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from my way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old;—  
"The lambs he'll gather with his  
"And lead them to the fold." [arm,

Thus I may safely venture through,  
Beneath my shepherd's care;  
And keep the gate of heaven in view,  
Till I shall enter there.

## 30

*An evening hymn for a little family.*

Now condescend, Almighty King,  
To bless this little throng;  
And kindly listen, while we sing  
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the Power divine,  
That watches o'er our days;  
For this our feeble voices join  
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before the sacred footstool see  
We bend in humble prayer,  
A happy little family,  
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,  
From every danger free;  
Because the darkness and the light  
Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays  
His cheerful beams abroad,  
Then shall our morning hymn of praise  
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,  
Our lips together move;  
Then smile upon this little band,  
And join our hearts in love.

## 31

*A child's lamentation for the death of  
a dear mother.*

A POOR afflicted child, I kneel  
Before my heavenly Father's seat,  
To tell him all the grief I feel,  
And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep; I cannot stay  
These tears, that trickle while I  
bend,

Since thou art pleas'd to take away  
So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain  
The many times I griev'd her sore;  
Oh! if she would but come again,  
I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye!  
'Twould be my play to do her will!  
And she should never have to sigh  
Again for my behaving ill!

But since she's gone so far away,  
And cannot profit by my pains;  
Let me this childlike duty pay  
To that dear parent who remains;

Let me console his broken heart,  
And be his comfort, by my care;  
Then when at last we come to part,  
I may not have *such* grief to bear.

## 32

*For Sabbath evening.*

WE'VE pass'd another Sabbath day,  
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;  
We thank thee for thy word, and pray  
That this day's sins may be forgiv'n.

Forgive our inattention, Lord,  
Our looks and thoughts that went  
astray;

Forgive our carelessness abroad;  
At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood

Be well remember'd thro' the week,  
And help to make us wise and good,  
More humble, diligent and meek.

Bless our good minister, we pray,  
Who loves to see a child attend,  
And let us honour and obey  
The words of such a holy friend.

So when our lives are finish'd here,  
And days & Sabbaths shall be o'er,  
May we along with him appear,  
To serve and love thee evermore.

## 33

*Time and eternity.*

How long, sometimes, a day appears!  
And weeks, how long are they!  
Months move as slow as if the years  
Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago,  
That I was taught to read;  
And since I was a babe, I know  
'Tis very long indeed.

But even years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have  
Eternity has none; [an end;  
'Twill always have as long to spend,  
As when it first begun!

Great God! an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be;  
I only pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee.

## 34

*Against yielding to temptation.*

MY love, you have met with a trial  
to-day,  
Which I hop'd to have seen you  
oppose;

But, alas! in a moment your temper  
gave way,  
And the pride of your bosom arose.  
I saw the temptation, and trembled,  
for fear  
Your good resolutions should fall;  
And soon, by your eye, and your colour,  
our, my dear,  
I found you had broken them all.

O, why did you suffer this trouble-  
some sin  
To rise in your bosom again?  
And when you perceiv'd it already  
within,  
O why did you let it remain?

As soon as temptation is put in your  
way,

And passion is ready to start,  
'Tis then you must try to subdue it,  
and pray  
For courage to bid it depart.

But now you can only with sorrow  
implore,  
That Jesus would pardon your sin;  
Would help you to watch for your  
enemy more,  
And put a new temper within.

## 35

*The day of judgment.*

How dreadful, Lord, will be the day,  
When all the tribes of dead shall  
And those who dar'd to disobey [rise;  
Be dragg'd before thine angry eyes!

The wicked child, who often heard  
His pious parents speak of thee,  
And fled from every serious word,  
Shall not be able then to flee.

No; he shall see them burst the tomb,  
And rise, and leave him trembling  
To hear his everlasting doom, [there,  
With shame, and terror, and de-  
spair.

No. XXXIV.

2

Whilst they appear at thy right hand,  
With saints and angels round the  
throne;

He, a poor guilty wretch, shall stand,  
And bear thy dreadful wrath alone!

No parent, then, shall bid him pray  
To him, who *now* the sinner hears;  
For Christ himself shall turn away,  
And show no pity to his tears.

Great God; I tremble at the tho't;  
And at thy feet for mercy bend,  
That, when to judgment I am bro't,  
The Judge himself may be my  
friend.

## 36

*Conscience.*

WHEN a foolish thought within  
Tries to take us in a snare,  
Conscience tells us "It is sin,"  
And intreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,  
And are tempted to deny,  
Conscience says, "Your fault confess;  
"Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning when we rise,  
And would fain omit to pray,  
"Child, consider," Conscience cries;  
"Should not God be sought to-  
day?"

When, within his holy walls,  
Far abroad our thoughts we send;  
Conscience often loudly calls,  
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,  
Tempting to revenge an ill;  
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries;  
"Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,  
This good monitor within,  
With a secret, gentle voice,  
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,  
While this friendly voice would call.  
Conscience soon will grow so hard,  
That it will not speak at all.

## 37

*"The Lord hath respect unto the  
lowly."*

WHERE is the high and lofty One?  
His dwelling is afar;  
He lives beyond the blazing sun,  
And every distant star.

But God, whom thousand worlds  
Descends to earthly ground, [obey,  
And dwells in cottages of clay,  
If there his saints are found.

Is not the heaven of heavens his own?  
Yes, he is Lord of all;  
And there, before his awful throne,  
The saints and angels fall.

But, little child, with joy attend;  
For if you love him too,  
This mighty God will condescend  
To come and dwell with you.

## 38

*For children at a Sunday School.*

LORD, may a few poor children raise  
To thee a hymn of humble praise?  
'Tis by thy great compassion we  
Are taught to love and worship thee.

What wicked children we have been!  
Alas! how soon we learn'd to sin!  
But now we learn to read and pray,  
And not to break the Sabbath-day.

How condescending God must be,  
To love such little ones as we!  
He saw our sin with angry frown,  
And yet he look'd with pity down.

O if we should again begin  
To grieve our God, and turn to sin,

And let our guilty passions loose,  
We now shall be without excuse.

Remember, Lord, we are but dust,  
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust;  
Do thou instruct and guide us still,  
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

## 39

*A minute.*

A MINUTE, how soon it is flown!  
And yet how important it is!  
God calls every moment his own,  
For all our existence is his;  
And though we may waste them in  
folly and play, [away.  
He notices each that we squander

Why should we a minute despise,  
Because it so quickly is o'er?  
We know that it rapidly flies,  
And therefore should prize it the  
more;

Another, indeed, may appear in its  
stead, [fled.  
But that precious minute forever is

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly, and strife;  
But, oh! no repentance or tears  
Can bring back one moment of life;  
But time, if well spent, and improv'd  
as it goes, [its close.

Will render life pleasant, and peaceful  
And when all the minutes are past,  
Which God for our portion has  
giv'n,

We shall cheerfully welcome the last,  
If it safely conduct us to heaven.  
And O may we all the necessity see,  
Not knowing how near our last min-  
ute may be!

## 40

*A child's grave.*

WHAT is this little grassy mound,

Where pretty daisies bloom?  
What is there lying under ground?—  
—It is an infant's tomb.

Alas, poor baby, did it die?  
How dismal that must be!  
To bid this pretty world good-bye,  
Seems very sad to me.—

—Silence, my child; for could we  
This happy baby's voice, [hear  
We should not drop another tear,  
But triumph and rejoice;

"O do not ever weep for me,"  
The happy soul would say; [free  
"Nor grieve, dear child, that I am  
"From that poor sleeping clay.

"Mourn not because my feeble breath  
"Was stopp'd as soon as given;  
"There's nothing terrible in death  
"To those who come to heaven.

"No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,  
"My pleasures here destroy;  
"I live with God and all his saints,  
"And endless is our joy.

"While, with the spirits of the just,  
"My Saviour I adore,  
"I smile upon my sleeping dust,  
"That now can weep no more."

## 41

*A child's prayer in sickness.*

SINCE, mighty God, my health and  
And life belong to thee, [ease,  
I might not murmur, shouldst thou  
To take them all from me. [please  
Thou hast a right to use thy rod,  
Which I should meekly bear;  
And yet I may entreat, that God  
A sinful child would spare.

I own the comforts I possess,  
And thank thy care of me,  
While thousands languish in distress,  
And pine in poverty.

Yet look in pity on my pain;  
My little strength restore:  
And grant me life and health again,  
To serve thee evermore.

## 42

*A hymn of praise for recovery.*

LORD, thou hast heard my humble  
For all my pains depart; [voice,  
O grant that I may now rejoice  
With thankfulness of heart.

Many have died as young as I,  
Though nurs'd with equal care;  
But God in pity heard my cry,  
And has been pleas'd to spare.

Let me improve the years or days,  
Thy mercy lends me here;  
And show my gratitude and praise,  
By living in thy fear.

The kindness that my friends have  
O teach me to repay, [shown,  
By double kindness of my own,  
In every future day.

And, lest I need thy rod again,  
I pray thee to impart,  
As long as health or life remain,  
A thankful, humble heart.

## 43

*For a very little child in sickness.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, I'm very ill,  
But cure me if it be thy will;  
For thou canst take away my pain,  
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,  
And mind what those who nurse me  
say;

And grant that all I have to take  
May do me good for Jesus' sake.

## 44

*For a very little child, upon getting well.*

I **THANK** the Lord, who lives on high;  
He heard an infant pray,  
And cur'd me, that I should not die,  
And took my pains away.

O let me thank and love thee too,  
As long as I shall live;  
And every naughty thing I do,  
I pray thee to forgive.

## 45

*For a dying child.*

My heavenly Father, I confess  
That all thy ways are just,  
Although I faint with sore distress,  
And now draw near the dust.

How soon my health and strength are  
And life is nearly past! [died!  
O smile upon my dying bed,  
And give me to the last.

Once did the blessed Saviour cry,  
"Let little children come;"  
On this kind word I would rely,  
Since I am going home.

O take this guilty soul of mine,  
That now will soon be gone,  
And wash it clean, and make it shine,  
With heavenly garments on.

Be pleas'd to grant me easy death,  
If 'tis thy holy will,  
And bid the struggles of my breath  
And all my pains be still.

Now, Lord, in heaven hear my  
Accept my dying praise; [prayer;  
And let me quickly meet thee there,  
A better song to raise.

## 46

*Praise for daily mercies.*

**LORD**, I would own thy tender care,

And all thy love to me;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestow'd by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death  
And dangers every hour;  
I cannot draw another breath  
Unless thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,  
As round my bed they stay;  
Nor am I absent from thy sight  
In darkness, or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents  
To me by God are given; [dear,  
I have not any blessing here,  
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant  
A child can ne'er repay; [care,  
But may it be my daily prayer  
To love thee and obey.

## 47

*The example of Christ.*

**JESUS CHRIST**, my Lord and Sa-  
viour,

Once became a child like me;  
O that in my whole behaviour  
He my pattern still might be!

All my nature is unholy;  
Pride and passion dwell within;  
But the Lord was meek and lowly,  
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying  
Some new pleasure to possess,  
He was always self-denying,  
Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature;  
Guide me by thy word of truth;  
Condescend to be my teacher  
Thro' my childhood and my youth.

Often I shall be forgetful  
Of the lessons thou hast taught,

Idle, passionate, and fretful,  
Or indulging foolish thought.

Then permit me not to harden  
In my sin and be content ;  
But bestow a gracious pardon,  
And assist me to repent.

Shall blossom, but never decay ;  
Then for these fading pleasures no  
longer we'll care,  
But hope we shall spend an eternity  
there.

## 49

*Love to Jesus.*

## 48

*Summer and Winter.*

WHEN sweet summer flowers appear,  
We wish that they always would  
last ;

But winter must shortly be here,  
To sweep them away with his blast ;  
Spring, summer, and autumn still has-  
ten away ; [some decay.  
The roses must fade, and the blos-

Like winter, old age will be found ;  
All stripp'd of our blossoms and  
fruit,

We still may remain in the ground,  
Though nothing be left but the root ;  
And wither'd and bare we must ev-  
er remain,

For spring will not cover our branch-  
es again.

Then let us, since time's on the wing,  
And death and eternity near,  
Endeavour, while yet in our spring,  
To prepare for the end of the year ;  
That we may not look back with re-  
morse and dismay,  
To think how this season was wasted  
away.

And then when the summer is gone,  
Our youth and maturity past,  
Old age will come pleasantly on,  
And bring us to glory at last ;  
Nor shall we reflect, with a sigh or a  
tear

On any gay season of happiness here.

In heaven no winter they know,  
To wither their pleasures away ;  
The plants that in Paradise grow

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,  
And spread his works of love a-  
round, If I had liv'd so long ago, [broad,  
I think I should have lov'd the  
Lord.

Jesus, who was so very kind,  
Who came to pardon sinful men,  
Who heal'd the sick, and cur'd the  
blind—

O ! must I not have lov'd him then ?

But where is Jesus ?—is he dead ?

O no ! he lives in heaven above ;  
“ And blest are they,” the Saviour  
said,

“ Who, though they have not seen  
me, love.”

He sees us from his throne on high,  
As well as when on earth he dwelt ;  
And when to him poor children cry,  
He feels such love as then he felt.

And if the Lord will grant me grace,  
Much I will love him, and adore ;  
But when in heaven I see his face,  
'Twill be my joy to love him more.

## 50

*God every where.*

God made the world—in every land  
His love and power abound ;  
All are protected by his hand,  
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, and English cot,  
Alike his care must own,

Though savage nations know him not,  
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,  
And constant bounty pours,  
From wild Arabia's burning sands  
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,  
Where feet have never trod,  
There in majestic power he reigns,  
An ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth  
Who dwell beneath the sun,  
Of different nations, name, and birth,  
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,  
The polish'd and the wild ;  
He sees the king upon the throne,  
And every little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,  
The noble and the brave,  
He listens to the beggar's prayer,  
And the poor negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,  
And sends his mercy down ;  
None are too mean to share his smile  
Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing  
My inmost heart can see, [eye  
Teach me from every sin to fly,  
And turn that heart to thee.

## 51

*" Though he was rich, yet for our  
sakes he became poor."*

JESUS was once despis'd and low,  
A stranger, and distress'd ;  
Without a home to which to go,  
A pillow where to rest ;

Now, 'on a high majestic seat  
He reigns above the sky ;  
And angels worship at his feet ;  
Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was bound with prickly  
And scoff'd at in his pain ; [thorns,  
Now a bright crown his head adorns,  
And he is king again.

But what a condescending king !  
Who, though he reigns so high,  
Is pleas'd when little children sing,  
And listens to their cry ;

He sees them from his heavenly  
He watches all their ways, [throne,  
And stoops to notice for his own  
The youngest child that prays.

## 52

*For a child that is sorry for a fault.*

LORD, I have dar'd to disobey  
My friends on earth, and thee in  
heaven ;

O help me now to come and pray,  
For Jesus' sake, to be forgiven.

I cannot say I did not know,  
For I've been taught thy holy will ;  
And while my conscience told me so,  
And bade me stop, I did it still.

But thou wast there to see my crime,  
And write it in thy judgment-book.  
O make me fear another time,  
A sinful thought, or word, or look.

Forgive me, Lord ; forgive, I pray,  
This naughty thing that I have  
done,  
And take my sinful heart away,  
And make me holy, like thy Son.

## 53

*Instruction from the heavens.*

STARS, that on your wond'rous way  
Travel through the evening sky,  
Is there nothing you can say  
To such a little child as I ?  
Tell me, for I long to know,  
Who has made you sparkle so ?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,  
 "Child of mortal race, attend,  
 While we run our wond'rous way;  
 Listen; we would be your friend;  
 Teaching you that Name Divine,  
 By whose mighty word we shine.

"Child, as truly as we roll  
 Through the dark and distant sky,  
 You have an immortal soul,  
 Born to live when we shall die;  
 Suns and planets pass away;  
 Spirits never can decay.

"When some thousand years, at  
 most,

All their little time have spent,  
 One by one our sparkling host  
 Shall forsake the firmament;  
 We shall from our glory fall;  
 You must live beyond us all.

"Yes,—and God, who bade us roll,  
 God, who hung us in the sky  
 Stoops to watch an infant's soul  
 With a condescending eye;  
 And esteems it dearer far,  
 More in value, than a star!

"O then while your breath is given,  
 Pour it out in fervent prayer,  
 And beseech the God of heaven  
 To receive your spirit there;  
 Like a living star to blaze  
 Ever to your Saviour's praise."

## 54

*Children encouraged to seek the Lord.*

SHALL I presume to venture near  
 A God so just and true?  
 Or, sinful as I am, appear  
 Before his piercing view?

How oft I grieve his holy eye,  
 And break his righteous law;  
 And think some thought of vanity  
 With every breath I draw!

Yet, Lord, a sinful child may turn

To wisdom's pleasant ways;  
 For Jesus' sake thou wilt not spurn  
 My feeble prayer and praise.  
 He died, that sinners, such as I,  
 May have their sins forgiven;  
 He died, that sinners, when they die,  
 May live with him in heaven.

It is for this I come to pray,  
 And on his grace depend,  
 That even at the judgment day  
 The Lord may be my friend.

## 55

*Upon life.*

LORD, what if life?—'Tis like a  
 flower,

That blossoms and is gone;  
 We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on;  
 But death comes, like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the pretty flower away.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like the  
 bow

That glistens in the sky;  
 We love to see its colours glow;  
 But while we look, they die;  
 Life fails as soon; to-day 'tis here;  
 To night perhaps 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away  
 Since life began at first,  
 And millions, once alive and gay,  
 Are dead and in the dust;  
 For life in all its health and pride,  
 Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet, this short, uncertain space  
 So foolishly we prize,  
 That heaven, that lasting dwelling  
 place,

Seems nothing in our eyes!  
 The words of sorrow and of bliss  
 We disregard, compar'd with this!

LORD, what is life?—If spent with  
 thee,

In duty, praise, and prayer;  
 However long, or short it be,  
 We need but little care;  
 Because eternity will last,  
 When life, and even death, are past.

## 56

*Upon death.*

WHERE should I be, if God should  
 say  
 I must not live another day,  
 And send to take away my breath?  
 —What is eternity—and death?

My body is of little worth;  
 'Twould soon be mingled with the  
 earth;  
 We all were form'd of clay at first,  
 And shall return again to dust.

But where my living soul would go,  
 I do not, and I cannot know;  
 For none were e'er sent back to tell  
 The joys of heaven or pains of hell.

Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,  
 Where God himself forever is;  
 Where saints around his throne adore,  
 And never sin nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless wo,  
 Where unrepenting sinners go:—  
 Though none that seek the Saviour's  
 grace  
 Shall ever see that dreadful place.

O let me, then, at once apply  
 To him who did for sinners die!  
 And this shall be my great reward,  
 To dwell forever with the Lord.

## 57

*Against selfishness.*

Love and kindness we may measure  
 By this simple rule alone;  
 Do we mind our neighbour's pleas-  
 ure,

Just as if it were our own?

Let us try to care for others,  
 Nor suppose ourselves the best;  
 We should all be friends and broth-  
 ers—

'Twas the Saviour's last request.

His example we should borrow,  
 Who forsook his throne above,  
 And endur'd such pain and sorrow,  
 Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,  
 When we will not pity lend,  
 Christ accounts himself offended,  
 Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,  
 Thus his goodness to reward;  
 Selfishness indeed is hateful  
 In the followers of the Lord.

When a selfish thought would seize  
 us,

And our resolution break,  
 Let us then remember Jesus,  
 And resist it for his sake.

## 58

*"In the morning it flourisheth and  
 groweth up; in the evening it is  
 cut down and withereth."*

THE flowers of the field,  
 That quickly fade away,  
 May well to us instruction yield,  
 Who die as soon as they.

That pretty rosebud see,  
 Decaying on the walk;  
 A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,  
 And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose,  
 I've seen an infant bloom;  
 But death, perhaps, before it blows,  
 Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on death,  
 Though we are young and gay;

For God, who gave our life and  
breath,  
Can take them soon away.

To God, who loves them all,  
Let children humbly cry ;  
And then, whenever Death may call,  
They'll be prepar'd to die.

## 59

*Humility.*

In a modest humble mind  
God himself will take delight ;  
But the proud and haughty find  
• They are hateful in his sight.

Jesus Christ was meek and mild,  
And no angry thoughts allow'd ;  
O, then, shall a little child  
Dare to be perverse and proud !

This, indeed, should never be ;  
Lord, forbid it, we intreat ;  
Grant they all may learn of thee,  
That humility is sweet.

Make it shine in every part ;  
Fill them with this heavenly grace ;  
For a little infant's heart  
Surely is its proper place.

## 60

*"Set your affections on things above."*

Why should our poor enjoyments  
here

Be thought so pleasant and so dear,  
And tempt our hearts astray ?  
Our brightest joys are fading fast,  
The longest life will soon be past ;  
And if we go to heaven at last,  
We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,  
Where all is holiness and love,  
And endless pleasures flow,  
Three score years and ten will  
seem

Just like a short and busy dream ;  
And O, how poor we then shall deem  
Our best pursuits below !

Perhaps the happy saints in bliss  
Look down from their bright world  
to this,

Where once they used to dwell ;  
And wonder why we trifle so,  
And love these vanities below,  
And live as if we did not know  
There was a heaven and hell.

## 61

*For the last day of the year.*

This year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast ;  
My heart, have you nothing to say,  
Concerning the time that is past ?  
Now, while in my chamber alone,  
Where God will be present to  
hear,  
I'll try to remember and own  
The faults I've committed this  
year.

O Lord, I'm asham'd to confess,  
How often I've broken thy day ;  
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,  
Or wasted the moments in play ;  
And when the good minister tried  
To make little children attend,  
I was thinking of something beside,  
Or wishing the sermon would end !

How often I rose from my bed,  
And did not remember my prayer ;  
Or if a few words I have said,  
My thoughts have been going else-  
where ;  
Ill temper, and passion, and pride,  
Have griev'd my dear parents and  
thee ;

And seldom I've heartily tried  
Obedient and gentle to be !

But, Lord, thou already hast known  
Much more of my folly than I ;

There is not a fault I can own,  
Too little for God to descry;  
Yet hear me, and help me to feel  
How wicked and weak I must be;  
And let me not try to conceal  
The largest, or smallest from thee.

This year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast;  
Look down in thy mercy, I pray,  
And pardon the time that is past;  
And as soon as another begins,  
So help me to walk in thy fear,  
That I may not with follies and sins  
Disfigure and waste a new year.

62

*The lily of the valley.*

COME, my love, and do not spurn  
From a little flower to learn—  
See the lily on the bed,  
Hanging down its modest head;  
While it scarcely can be seen,  
Folding in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well,  
For its sweet and pleasant smell;  
And would rather call it ours,  
Than a many gayer flowers;  
Pretty lilies seem to be  
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn  
From a little flower to learn;  
Let your temper be as sweet  
As the lily at your feet;  
Be as gentle, be as mild;  
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize—  
Like a summer flower it dies;  
But humility will last,  
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past;  
And the Saviour from above  
Views a humble child with love.

63

*"Then the Lord called Samuel, and Samuel said, Speak, for thy servant heareth."*

WHEN little Samuel woke,  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke,  
How much did he rejoice.  
O blessed, happy child, to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind!

If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend;  
How happy I should be!  
O how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If GOD ALMIGHTY were so near.

And does he never speak?  
O yes; for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God that Samuel heard;  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath his care  
May safely rest my head;  
I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed;  
And every sin I well may fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
"Speak, Lord; I would obey  
The voice that I have heard;  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

64

*On repeating the catechism.*

As Mary sat at Jesus' feet,  
To learn her Maker's will,  
We in the Saviour's presence meet,  
And hear his doctrine still.

Still he beholds the wandering look,  
Each foolish thought discerns;  
And knows who idles at his book,  
And who in earnest learns.

O for that meek, attentive mind,  
Which happy Mary show'd!  
And that instruction may we find,  
That was on her bestow'd.

Here we are taught the sacred word  
The Saviour first conveyed;  
And here the doctrines we have heard  
Are plain and easy made.

'Tis here we learn the glorious name  
Of God, who reigns above;  
And while we read of sinner's shame  
Are taught the Saviour's love.

Lord! while we thank thee for the  
    grace  
That sends this happy news,  
We still would sit in Mary's place,  
Her better part to choose.

## 65

*Brotherly love.*

The God of heaven is pleas'd to see  
A little family agree; [bring,  
And will not slight the praise they  
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him  
    more

Than if we give him all our store;  
And children here who dwell in love,  
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child, that tires to please;  
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease;  
And would not say an angry word;  
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God! forgive whenever we  
Forget thy will, and disagree;  
And grant that each of us may find  
The sweet delight of being kind.

## 66

*The condescension of God.*

GOD—what a great and awful word!  
O who can speak his worth!  
By saints in heaven he is ador'd,  
And fear'd by men on earth!  
And yet a little child may bend,  
And say, my father, and my friend.

The glorious sun that blazes high,  
The moon, more pale and dim;  
And all the stars that fill the sky,  
Are made and rul'd by him;  
And yet a child may ask his care,  
And call upon his name in prayer!

And this large world of ours below,  
The waters and the land, [grow  
With all the trees and flowers that  
Were fashion'd by his hand;  
Yes, and he forms our infant race,—  
And even I may seek his grace!

Ten thousand angels sing his praise  
On high, to harps of gold;  
But holy angels dare not gaze,  
His brightness to behold;  
Yet a poor lowly infant may  
Lift up his voice to God, and pray.

The saints in heaven before him fall,  
And round his throne appear;  
Adam, and Abraham, and all  
Who lov'd and serv'd him here;  
And I, a child on earth may raise  
My feeble voice in humble praise.

And all his faithful servants now,  
The wise, and good, and just,  
Before his sacred footstool bow,  
And own they are but dust;  
But what can I presume to say?  
Yet he will listen when I pray.

O yes; when little children cry,  
He hearkens to their prayer;  
His throne of grace is always nigh,  
And I will venture there.  
I'll go, depending on his word, [Lord.  
And seek his grace, through Christ the

## 67

*The child of affluence.*

How many poor indigent children I  
 see,  
 Who want all the comforts bestow'd  
 upon me !  
 But though I'm preserv'd from such  
 want and distress,  
 I'm quite as unworthy of all I possess.  
 While I am partaking a plentiful  
 meal, [feel !  
 How many the cravings of appetite  
 Poor children, as young and as help-  
 less as I,  
 Who yet have no money their wants  
 to supply !

If I were so destitute, friendless, and  
 poor,  
 How could I such hardship and suf-  
 fering endure ! [adore  
 Then let me be thankful and humbly  
 My God, who has graciously given  
 me more.

And since I with so many comforts  
 am blest, [distress ;  
 May it be my delight to relieve the  
 For God has declar'd, and his prom-  
 ise is sure, [the poor.  
 That, blessed are they who consider

## 68

*The child of poverty.*

LORD, I am poor, yet hear my call ;  
 Afford me daily bread ;  
 Give me at least the crumbs that fall  
 From tables richly spread.

Thou canst for all my wants provide,  
 And bless my homely crust ;  
 The ravens cry, and are supply'd,  
 And ought not I to trust ?  
 Behold the lilies, how they grow,  
 Though they can nothing do ? [so,  
 And will not God, who clothes them  
 Afford me raiment too ?

But seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold  
 The riches some possess,  
 Grant me what better is than gold—  
 Thy grace and righteousness.

O may I heavenly treasures find,  
 And choose the better part ;  
 Give me an humble, pious mind,  
 A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,  
 And grant the grace I need ;  
 And then, though I am mean and  
 poor,  
 I shall be rich indeed.

## 69

*Praise to God.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwellest high,  
 Where mortals cannot gaze,  
 If thou wilt listen, I will try  
 To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore thee, and rejoice—  
 Such praise to thee belongs ;  
 But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,  
 Amid their lofty songs ?

My thoughts are vain, my heart is  
 hard,  
 And poor the thanks I pay ;  
 O how unworthy thy regard,  
 Is all that I can say !

My feeble powers can never rise  
 To praise thee as I ought ; [wis  
 For thou art great, and good, and  
 Beyond my highest thought.

The happy souls, who dwell on high  
 Can tell thy glories best ;  
 And may I enter, when I die,  
 The mansions of the blest !

There we shall better praises bring,  
 And raise our voices higher ;  
 Angels will teach us how to sing,  
 And we shall never tire.



